Curious Cody

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The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

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Cody tiptoed across the hall, even though he knew he was home alone. Mom was taking Callie to her Girl Scouts meeting and would not be home until after she went to the supermarket. Christie was at the mall or a friend's house, so she probably would not be home until after Cody and Callie's bedtime. That meant he had plenty of time to sneak into Callie's room and retrieve what he had wanted.

It had all begun last weekend when Mom had told Cody to put his laundry away. He got the shirts and pants put away, leaving just the tidy stack of his underwear. Nestled there, right in the middle of his usual assortment of white, grey, and black briefs was a pair of Callie's underwear, a pair of purple panties. At first, he had been grossed out by the idea of something girly being in the middle of his boy's clothes, but as he picked them up, he marveled at how soft they felt. They were cotton like his underwear, but inexplicably softer. He could not deny a certain curiosity, even after giving them to his twin sister.

That was why Cody was sneaking into her room, to retrieve a pair of panties and, he blushed just at the thought of admitting it, trying them on. He needed to know.

The house creaked and he froze. It was nothing. He jumped as he caught a glimpse of Callie, only to realize it was his reflection. They looked so similar, much more similar than most boy-girl twins did. Sticking his tongue out at his

reflection, he pulled open Callie's underwear drawer. It looked nothing like his. He threw his underwear haphazardly in. Hers were all neatly rolled and arranged. Pink, yellow, white... his eyes fell on a purple roll that had to be the pair he had accidentally gotten. Trembling, he quickly stepped out of his shorts and briefs, leaving them on the plush cream carpeting of Callie's floor. He pulled up the panties, gasping. They felt so completely different from his own underwear. Soft was the word that came to mind, but only because he had no other words to describe them.

"What is this?" He froze, heart leaping into his throat as he saw Christie standing in the doorway. "What are you doing, Cody?" He stammered, but he knew the only explanation was the truth, so it all came spilling out. Christie nodded and walked toward him. "So you're curious about what it's like to dress like a girl, huh?" He stayed silent, shame-faced. "Well, I think we can figure something out. Callie must have something in her closet." Christie did not say so, but she already had the perfect outfit in mind. "Don't you dare move a muscle." She said. "If you try to run, this won't be our little secret, but I need you to agree to do exactly what I say, okay?" Cody nodded. "Alright."

It took nearly twenty minutes before Cody stood in front of Callie's mirror, dressed from head to toe in her outfit from her latest dance recital. He had tried again and again to tell Christie that he had only been curious about the panties, but she was convinced that he wanted to dress as a girl. And quite the girly girl at that! The tights, the leotard, the tutu, the shoes, everything struck his male mind as overly girly. Even

going to Callie's recital, he had recoiled at how girly the costume was. He had never dreamed he would be wearing it. Christie stood over him, smiling.

"Here's a photo I took of Callie. I want you to recreate it. So I can compare." Cody grumbled, but did his best to match her pose and her smile. "God, you two have always looked alike, but now" She showed him and he almost wondered if she had accidentally swiped over to the photo of Callie. It was so spot-on. "Alright, let's get you changed back." He nodded, relieved. "But first, I think we need to make some things clear."

"Like what?" He asked timidly. "I promise I won't try on Callie's underwear again."

"I know you say that, but I've got something else planned."

"Huh?" He felt his heart start speeding up. What did Christie mean? She grinned at him.

"Callie has Girl Scouts every Tuesday, right?"

"I think so?"

"So, every Tuesday, we'll do this. I'll pick out one of her outfits, you'll wear it, we'll take a few photos."

"But"

"But nothing. You were curious about girl clothes and I'm helping you with that."

"I was only curious this one time!" Cody stamped his foot, looking so much like a pouting little princess in his flouncing tutu that Christie had to snap another series of photos.

"Well, tough." She said. She opened the double doors of Callie's closet as wide as they would go. "Look at all the dresses she has. You'll be wearing each and every one."